

"IF WE WOULD."

If we would but check the speaker,
 When he spoils his neighbor's fame;
 If we would but help the erring,
 Ere we utter words of blame;
 If we would, how many might we
 Turn from paths of sin and shame.

Ah, the wrongs that might be righted,
 If we would but see the way!
 Ah, the pains that might be lightened,
 Every hour and every day,
 If we would but hear the pleadings
 Of the hearts that go astray.

Let us step outside the stronghold
 Of our selfishness and pride;
 Let us lift our fainting brothers,
 Let us strengthen, ere we chide;
 Let us, ere we blame the fallen,
 Hold a light to cheer and guide.

Ah, how blessed—ah, how blessed
 Earth would be, if we'd but try
 Thus to aid and right the weaker,
 Thus to check each brother's sigh;
 Thus to talk of duty's pathway
 To our better life on high.

In each life, however lowly,
 There are seeds of mighty good;
 Still, we shrink from soul's appealing,
 With a timid, "If we could!"
 But the God who judgeth all things,
 Knows the truth is—"If we would."

—Sel.

HOW TO DRINK A FARM.

"My homeless friend, while you are stirring up the sugar in a ten-cent glass of gin, let me give you a fact to wash down with it. You may say you have longed for years for the free, independent life of the farmer; but have never got money enough together to buy a farm. But that is just where you are mistaken.

"For some years, you have been drinking a good improved farm, at the rate of a hundred square feet at a gulp. If you doubt this statement, figure it out yourself. An acre of land contains 43,560 square feet. Estimating, for convenience, the land at \$43.56 an acre, you will see that it brings the land to just one mill per square foot, one cent for ten square feet.

Now pour down the fiery dose, and imagine you are swallowing a strawberry patch. Call in five of your friends, and have them help you gulp down that five-hundred-foot garden. Get on a prolonged spree some day, and see how long it requires to swallow pasture land enough to feed a cow. Put down that glass of gin; there is dirt in it—one hundred feet of good, rich dirt, worth \$43.56 per acre."—*Burdette.*

A FOOLISH BOY.

Nellie came running to me the other day, her eyes big with surprise, and exclaimed:

"O auntie, what do you think? You know Bertie, who lives down the street—that little bit of a boy—well, he smokes cigarettes, and he is awful little."

"Then he will make a little man very likely, if he has begun so early," I replied.

"Yes, that is what Gertie says. He steals off by himself behind the back fence and then smokes."

"Then he must know he is doing wrong and is ashamed to be seen. What do you suppose he does it for?"

"I guess he thinks it will make him look big. He wants to be a man, and he is always telling us girls what he'll do when he gets big," said Nellie.

He has begun the wrong way if he wants to grow. Tobacco will hurt his heart and his nerves. If he lives to be a man he will be nervous, his heart will be weak, and he will not be the strong man that he might be if he had not begun this bad habit.

A schoolboy died in Brooklyn only a little while ago, because he had smoked so many cigarettes. His whole body was sick; the poison in the tobacco had gone all through him. His skin was yellow, his nerves were weak, and he so sick he had to go to the hospital. But the doctors could not help him.

He said just before he died:

"O if all the boys could see me now, and see how I suffer, they would never smoke."

If you would not be a smoker, don't begin.
 —*Water-Lily.*

"Live as long as you may," says Southey, "the first twenty years are the longest half of your life, and the most pregnant in consequences. It is the seed time of life, and what is sown then must be reared when the harvest-time comes."